EXPLOITS OF BLACKBEARD IN THE CARIBBEAN SEA.

Brig Mexican Overhauled by Buccaneers When Abreast the West Indies About Seventy Years Ago.

New York Evening Post.

While acts of piracy are still committed, if reports may be credited, in foreign waters such as the Indian Ocean and the China Sea, the black flag has not been seen in this hemisphere for more than half a century. Sporadic attempts, to be sure, have been made upon vessels along the Venezuelan coast by the fierce Goajira Indians, who have been noted as implacable robbers ever since the Spaniards first appeared in that region. Not long ago, in fact, our consul at Maracaibo reported an attack they made upon a German bark near the shoals of the gulf, only twelve miles distant from Fort San Carlos, when the captain and crew were driven ashore and compelled to leave the vessel a prey to these modern pirates, who were led by a half-breed known as Cachimbo. This was the fourth case of piracy, the consu! stated, that he knew had been committed on large foreign sailing vessels, and he recommended that the masters of such trading along the coast of Venezuela should provide themselves with breechloading rifles and ammunition, especially with a signal gun, for warning and de-

The very last act of piracy committed in American waters, it is said, in which the intent of the pirates was to burn, kill, and destroy, occurred just seventy years ago, when the good brig Mexican, bound from Salem, Mass., for Rio de Janeiro, was everhauled by Spanish pirates when

d now own, among other assets of the veritable island, tower, which, according to local tradition, Blackbeard made his castle when in the serve as buttresses for the beautiful port of Charlotte Amalia, about five hundred feet above the land-locked harbor which Incle Sam erstwhile coveted as a coaling station. As the tower dominated both the port and the little red fort erected there by the compatriots of the immortal Hamlet, the pirates were allowed perforce to remain (again referring to tradition), and as the island abounded in secluded harbors, reef-guarded inlets and other retreats to a pirate's liking, here Blackbeard and his companions made their headquarters as long as they chose to stay.

THE TERRIBLE BLACKBEARD. The local historian is voluble as to the dreadful "carryings-on" of the redoubtable Blackbeard and his merry men, making especial mention of the nineteen beautiful wives of the pirate chief, who were confined in the castle under a savage duenna while their lord and master was at sea bent on pillage and massacre. When Blackbeard was at home there was high revel in the tower, as may be imagined, and the character of which may be inferred from the accounts of what the pirate was prone to do when at sea. One of his crew has left on record that when time hung heavy on his mind-that is, when no prey and no spoils were in sight-Blackbeard had a habit of crossing his arms, with a pistol in each hand, firing indiscriminately at members of his assembled

His favorite pastime was "playing hell," as he called it, by lighting brimstone in the hold of his ship, where he always had the material ready at hand, around which, after fastening down the hatches, he would range his men, to their great discomfort. If any attempted to bolt, they were promptly shot on the spot or later made to "walk the plank." It was merely a way he had, a pretty pastime of his own; but his men never could get used to it, and when Lieut. Maynard, of the King's navy, finally overcame him in single combat, and, after cutting off his head, displayed it as a gory trophy, it may be believed that they felt relieved; even though the prospect of being hung as pirates stared them in the face. It is a cherished belief in St. Thomas that Blackbeard left a vast amount of treasure buried in the island. On one of the writer's visits he was introduced to two aged gentlewomen whose grandfather, then a prosperous planter on the north shore nearest to St. Johns, once discovered a great chest filled with Spanish doubloons submerged in the cove before his house. The Danish government claimed this treasure, sad to say, and the finder received only empty thanks as his reward.

HAWTHORNE'S CUSTOM HOUSE. It was out of the Beverly-Salem harbor that the Mexican sailed at the beginning of her voyage toward Rio, clearing at the custom house made famous by Nathaniel Hawthorne and shaping course for the open ocean. She carried, besides a miscellaneous cargo, some 20,000 Spanish milled dollars, sent by her owner, Joseph Peabody, to supply any deficiencies of her caro of lumber and codfish. The master wa Captain Butman, of Beverly, and there were thirteen in the crew all told, no mention being made in the vessel's log of what they thought as to the superstition attaching to the "unlucky number." They had uneventful sailing for three weeks, at the end of which time they found themselves well over toward the coast of Africa, to which they had been driven by baffling and

They did the best they could to recover their course, and were getting along very well when they sighted the "long, low rakish craft" that the traditional pirate always cruises in. As these Yankee sailors were not looking for any suspicious characters, however, they paid little attention to the stranger until finally they could not help but notice that she was dogging their tracks. "We sailed along, ship and ship," says one of these ancient mariners in a recent narrative of his experience, "until about 9 o'clock in the morning, and then the 'old man' couldn't stand it any longer and altered the course. That settled it, for the clipper altered her course to correspond and came down on us like a sea hawk on a fat duck. She flew the flag of one of the South American republics, and we could see guns on her deck and a crew of murderous-looking Spaniards all armed with knives and pistols." The piratical vessel proved to be the Spanish brig Panda, which had been stolen from her customary haunts along the African coast on the watch for unwary Yankees like our friends from Salem.

She ordered the master of the Mexican to send a boat aboard, and then sent a crew of murderous cutthroats back to board the schooner. These miscreants took Captain Butman down below and by fearful threats made him disclose the hiding place of his treasure-\$20,000 in silverstowed away beneath a scuttle in the captain's cabin. The old man did not want to let it go, but as there were no firearms aboard his craft, he had to comply with the pirates' demands. There were ten "money boxes" with \$2,000 in each box, and the Spaniards were not at all slow in getting them up and transferring them aboard their brig. This done, it might have been thought they would allow the plucked lankees to go their way; but not so. The pirate captain gave orders for the Americans to be confined below and the hatches battened down, then set the schooner afire and left her burning in a dozen places. A NEAT DECEPTION.

The Panda sailed away, but slowly and ever with a watchful eye upon the schooner, her master evidently intending to leave no men alive. It was afterwards learned that so long as the two vessels were within sight of each other, the captain of the Panda had a man at the masthead to report any signs of life aboard the Mexican. Had there been, doubtless there would to-day be no survivors to tell their exploits in the very long ago. But the Americans were wary, for, though Captain Butman found means to escape from the hold and liberate the others, he kept himself concealed and also kept up the pretense of a destructive fire raging aboard, even after he and his men had it well under control, by burning cotton waste and oakum. After the pirate was hull down on the Tommy-'Cos I knows a place borizon the impatient mariners collected kin get 'em three fer a dime.



#### NOBLE COUPLE TO VISIT AMERICA

George Edward Stanhope Molyneux Herbert, fifth Earl of Carnarvon, and his handsome wife will make a prolonged tour of the United States this year. They will start from New York and go to San Francisco by automobile. The earl was born June 26, 1866, and is one of Britain's great land owners, his estate comprising 36,000 acres. The countess is prominent in the highest society circle and entertains magnificently in Highelere Castle, Newbury, one of the finest country residences in England.



which had been cut to ribbons, and the worked hard, they loved our fathers, they running rigging, which also had been bore their share of the work, and helped who was looking for slavers.

tors of the crime, took them away from is not a dead weight on him. From idleunder the very eyes of an African King, ness to dishonesty is an easy step. There upon one of the three shapely hills that | who made show of protecting them, and | has been living up in my neighborhood a finally landed them, by a roundabout Southern colonel—old family, sah, and all course, in Boston jail, from which they only that—who is no better than a thief. I think emerged to their trial and execution. All he meant to do well, himself, but the womsave one, and that one the first mate of | en of his family simply breathe, and dress, the pirate craft, who, having been the and are as absolutely useless as so many means of rescuing an American crew from shipwreck a few years before, was recommended to mercy and pardoned by Andrew | the women don't even mend their own Jackson, whom the Spaniard afterward regarded as his patron saint.

This, in brief, is the story of one of the latest attacks of the old-time pirates upon American seamen. It may be obtained more in detail from the survivors themselves the women merely twine about the old if so be one would journey to Salem or Beverly. It was related to the writer a few months ago by one who was a cabin boy aboard the Mexican, seventy years ago-venerable Benjamin eighty-eight years of age; blind, and almost helpless from old age, but still in possession of all his faculties and cheerful in the faith that has sustained him throughout youth, an uneventful life.

#### A GROWL AT CLUB WOMEN. A Mere Man Who Believes They Are

their ears tingling, the other afternoon,

a Peril to the Nation. Brooklyn Eagle.

they ought to be glad they did not hear the opinions that made them tingle. speaker of the opinion is a man in middle life, a churchman, a man of reading and observation, and the object of his most particular dislike is women's clubs. Accord- | as they rode on bicycles a couple of years ing to him they are playing the Old Scratch, not only with families, but with the whole nation. "They are a natural outgrowth of feminine love of luxury and ease," he said. "With housework reduced to a minimum by mechanism and gas and steam and electricity, with small flats and janitors designed to lighten labor, with lines of street cars running in all directions, that make walking unnecessary, with delivery systems that relieve shoppers of the necessity even of carrying a paper of pins, with sewing machines to do what was once done by hand, with articles of dress now sold at prices that mean starvation to the sweat-shop workers, with excellent dining rooms in all parts of the cities, that to patronize on the hired girl's day out, there has appeared more and more of an indisposition among our American woman to work. The woman who does one-tenth as much as her mother did is a candidate for the hospital. To cook a dinner gives her a headache and cleaning house—a flat of five rooms-does her up for a week. "Why, many a man is driven away from his home by his own wife. He can't get enough to eat there. You will find more variety in our grocery shops than ever before, and everything is put up in cans and lars so as almost to do away with the need for cooking, yet many a man goes home to such lean and miserable meals that he gets to shirking them and to taking his lunch in a big restaurant, and the lunch leaves him no appetite for his din-ner. Then his wife finds fault because he no longer appreciates her cooking, and there you are. Again, he meets friends in the restaurant and it is easy to have a bottle of wine with them, or a cocktail, and so he gets into the way of drinking, and presently he goes to the devil.

"The American woman makes her husband work, because she wants his money, and she makes her servants work, because she wants a pleasant home, but she does no work herself. She goes to a club. Do you remember seeing the smart reply of the modern girl who had just married and whose husband asked her if he couldn't have a little more or a little better to eat for breakfast? She answered, 'If you were looking for a cook when you married me, you made a mistake. You ought to have gone to an employment agency.' heard people laugh over that and commend it as clever. To me there is nothing more melancholy. It is as if the woman had said, 'I've landed you, and I've bound you to support me, and I shall do nothing to help you. So long as I get your wages taurant in a dozen, nor in one home in fifty you may go to Halifax. He ought to have that real buckwheat flapjacks appear. All There are a good many vulgar or tiresome that real buckwheat flapjacks appear. All answered, 'I supposed you were looking for a husband. If you're merely looking for somebody to support you, advertise for a foreign count.' Absolutely, I consider the position of that woman degrading. Our



HIS REASON. Sunday-school Teacher-Tommy, I'm glad Why is it, though?

Tommy-'Cos I knows a place where I

on deck and soon repaired the sails, mothers were different women. They

-war. I more cheerful and he will accomplish more, not merely for his own good, but for his He at once suspected the real perpetra- | wife and children, if the rest of his family jelly fish. He is the only one in the place who works. The rooms are in disorder, clothes, but go out with their clothes fixed up with pins. They owe every grocer, butcher, milkman, paper dealer, druggist and beer bottler in the neighborhood, and they are away behind in their rent, bu fellow like the ivy they used to tell about, and are slowly strangling him to death.

"Probably men are responsible for the extremely good opinion that woman has of herself. They have worshiped her and tried to save her everything in the way of work and anxiety and annoyance, and she has got to the pass where she takes his homage as her due. She believes that she a long and, except for the adventure of his | was born to be an ornament and nothing more. She is in society, and she drags her husband around to all sorts of distasteful functions, when he would rather go to the theater or his club or to call on his friends, and she compels him to stay up two-thirds of the night in hot, crowded rooms, gabbing nonsense to a lot of other ornaments. It does not leave him in very good shape for his business next day, and it isn't a very good example to set for her growing sons and daughters, if she has If the members of the women's clubs felt any, as I believe she has not, for children,

they say, are unfashionable now and interfere with belonging to women's clubs. "Women are deadly conventional. They are afraid to be unlike all other women, and are even afraid that their husbands will be unlike all other men. So I believe a lot of them are joining clubs, not because they want to, but because it is 'the thing,' just ago, and just as they used to engage in church work. These dear creatures will probably come back to their homes without driving, one of these days, when homes become fashionable again, and when it is not beneath a woman's dignity to work and take an interest in her family. A woman rises higher than a man, and she can also sink lower, when she is willing to, but her sex does not strike the average level of the masculine half of the species in heedlessness or sin. She ought to be satisfied to be a woman, instead of giving her life to being a man. That's where the fault lies. I hanker to meet the old-fashioned woman, such as I used to know when I was youngwomen who were not so averse to men's society that they organized into clubs to keep men out, and devoted afternoons to debating on 'The Question of the Hour,' and 'The Supremacy of Women.' Your mother didn't belong to a woman's club, and mine didn't, and we respect their memories more obviate the need of elaborate dinners, or | than if they had. By the way, what time is it? I've got to go around to Harmony Hall and fetch my wife. She's the principal speaker this afternoon at the county convention of women's clubs."

THE BUCKWHEAT OF TO-DAY.

#### Our Griddle Cakes Differ So from Those That Mother Used to Make. Brooklyn Eagle.

the dumb waiter, the shuffle of the proletariat's boots, the babble of the proletariat's tongue, the din of the proletariat's knives and forks, the screams of the oysters being opened, the clatter of their shells after the deed is done, the lamentations of the banqueter who has mistaken tobasco sauce for ketchup, the shrieks of the waiters talking back at the cook, there rises in coffee-andsinkers palace once more the familiar call, 'Brown the bucks!"

This means that the buckwheat season has come around again, and that guests who have for months been ordering "one "coffee in the dark," "white wings, sunny side up," "one dyspepsia in a snow-storm," "beef an'," "brass band without leader," "one white an' one sweet," "make it punkin," "mystery without onions" and "plate o' wheat" are varying the round of etymological gayeties by commanding the waiter to "brown the bucks." texts for a few minutes, and the bucks come on steaming, and are slapped under his nose in a way to make him jump; then, one—two—three—four! Knife, fork, butter and water are hurled upon the table, and Hebe leaps back to the kitchen, screaming orders as she goes.

But, say; what's the matter with the bucks lately? Is buckwheat becoming exsorts of inventions are offered in place of | people whose calculated antics are deprivthem; Aunt Matildy's patent buckwheat, ing the word even of the flavor of insurgent Uncle Jabez's improved buckwheat, selfelevating buckwheat, Paterson Rolling Mill speak of whatever vestiges remain to it of duplicate process buckwheat, Imperial Mix- | fundamental respectability ture buckwheat and a lot more. You find the flour is half wheat flour, or rye, or corn meal, it has chemicals in it that make it rise or keep from rising; it is sugared or salted or has something done to it, so that it is simply unrecognizable as buckwheat. For there is only one kind of buckwheat, and that is the buckwheat that grows on the buckwheat tree, and only one way to prepare it, and that is to put it into a mill and grind it, and only one way to cook it, and that is to fry it on a griddle, and only one way to serve it, and that is with butter and syrup or honey. Our young ones know nothing of buckwheat cakes. Their parents used to get the real thing when they were young. The batter was moistened with a cent's worth of real yeast and the flapjacks when they came on were big and hot and gray, and they were mighty good with honey-an article of diet now used only in Bavaria and Nebraska. Buckwheat in these sad times appears to consist chiefly of floor sweepings from the flour mills, mixed with

saleratus and meal, and it's no good. "PERFECTLY LOVELY" MEDICINE. Aesthetic Method of Curing Headache

and Neuralgia.

New York Sun. The rose cure is based upon several priniples. One is the tranquilizing influence of its color. The color of the rose is quieting and soothing at the same time. The effect of rose color upon the eyes is good, and upon the brain it is better. The fairy who fitted the Princess with rose-colored glasses worked better than she knew. She made the Princess particularly amiable, and, more than that, she made her see the world in a bright, rosy way. The very tmosphere was rosy.

The second principle of the rose cure is

its odor. That the perfume of the rose can drive away a headache is an undoubted fact. If the camphor bottle, the smelling salts, the ammonia sponge and the aromatic herbs can, when sniffed, soothe the nerves, then why not the rose? The perfume of the rose is very refreshing. There are some roses that are better for this purpose than others. The plain garden rose is the best of all. It has the odor of the rose most strongly

cultivated and is superior to the wild rose in this respect, for the scent of the wild rose is too fugitive to benefit the sufferer. The American Beauty is strong in perfume and can be recommended, so the advocates of the rose cure assert. A woman who was troubled with neuralgia of the face came home from a Christmas shopping tour wit . a face that ached from the very chin right up to the forehead. The muscles twitched and water ran out of her eyes.

A friend who had taken the rose cure was present and soon the woman with the headache was under the rose spell. Taking a linen handkerchief, the friend soaked it in very hot water. Then, quickly wringing it out, she deluged it with rose toilet water. This she laid in a hot basin until it was almost steaming, with the scent of the roses coming out very strongly. Tying this around the head of the sufferer, the woman next went out and bought a rose. This she gave to the wom-an to inhale. She was told to close her eyes and take deep whiffs of the rose. Languidly, while the hot bandage around the head got in its fine work upon the nerves, the woman pulled the rose to pieces. She smelled it, breathed it in, revcled in it, and let the hot cloth meanwhile steam her face. The air was heavy with roses. But the sweetness was of a bracing kind, not the kind that suffocates. In fifteen minutes the headache had eased up and in half an hour it was gone. It is advised while taking the rose cure

to sip a cup of apple tea. This is made by cutting an apple into bits and letting it simmer in half a pint of water, take off, strain, add a lump of sugar and a few drops of cream. Or take it plain. Apple tea is said to ease the nerves and to assist in the rose cure. Fashionable New York women, with a great strain upon the nerves, the women

who find it absolutely necessary to be beautiful, no matter how tired they are, often take the apple tea cure. There are faddists in society, and after a try at the milk cure, which makes them too fat, the chocolate cure, which is healthsevered. As the compass had been thrown overboard and the money for the purchase of a return cargo carried away, it was concluded best to return to the home port instead of continuing on to Rio. There were no cables in those days; but "In the middle-class families I don't see water of roses, smell a rose and sip hot justice, though slow, finally reached the how it is possible for a woman to avoid apple tea. This will take out wrinkles and abreast the West Indies.

Had the Danes followed their first sane impulse and transferred to the United States their West Indian possessions, St. John and Santa Cruz, we see the states the states of the United States their West Indian possessions, St. John and Santa Cruz, we see the states of Africa, where it can be the states of the st

A MOMENT IN HIGH LIFE.

#### Terpsichorean Joys in the New York Aristocracy.

Washington Post.

It reassures us to hear, upon such excellent authority as that of Mr. Craig Wadsworth, that dancing still has a firm hold upon the underpinning and the affections of the upper classes. An esteemed local contemporary has just printed a brilliant and comprehensive monograph on this subject by Mr. Wadsworth, describing him as a "New York Cotillon Leader," which, of course, gives the utterance all the authority of a message from the skies. We do not know how others may feel,

but for our part it is a real relief to turn aside from tempestuous questions as trusts. strikes, the price of coal, Germany's fearless attitude toward Venezuela, and so on, and go gliding, as it were, with Mr. Craig Wadsworth down the middle of a wellwaxed floor to the passionate and soulful music of the waltz. Thus we learn that the old style of cotillon has been discarded for a very much improved article; something simpler, less ostentatious, and much easier for the leader. The cotillon of to-day, in a word, is national. Let us hope that it is becoming less jumpy, and that the imitators of the kangaroo are surely, if slowy, transferring their model to the swan. Another revelation of the deepest interest relates to the matter of favors. Mr. Wadsworth tells us as we skim along that favors are now handled around on trays and are no longer scrambled for "in the undignified manner of former years." This, he explains, enables the leader to enter into the spirit of the occasion with just as much feeling as the plain, ordinary guests. All of which is mighty pleasant and instructive. It not only gives us the very latest points on cotillons, it tells us a whole lot about the New York aristocracy. For example: "Everybody dances, from the youngest debutante to the most sedate matron, and all apparently with enjoyment. We should not like to venture this assertion in the case of certain sedate matron here in Washington. It would be a safe bet at 100 to 1 that those we have in mind would not derive enjoyment from the dance, and that their partners would not live to testify. But, of course, things are ing of houses; foreign, and especially different in New York. Sedate matrons in the higher walks of life can, naturally, do many things which would be impossible to their humbler sisters. There is something in the atmosphere of Fifth avenue,

season brings us a larger accession of Superior Beings. We do not despair of seeng some time before we die the cradle and the grave mingling in the mazy dance on equal terms and with equal agility and Altogether, Terpsichore seems to be sharworth assures us that, whereas the cotillon leader of the past had to be "a man of executive ability, quick mathematical mind and a good deal of courage," things have arrangement still holds good, and yet one very radically changed. "Now all that is may expect to find furniture that does not past." says the "New York Cotillon Lead-

Bellevue avenue, Tuxedo Park, etc., which

enables fleshy, red-necked old dowagers

to gallop all over a ballroom without look-

ing like dissipated elephants. Washington,

however, is getting on. Each recurring

of leadership to-day. BOHEMIANISM.

#### The Word Signifies Many Different Things.

New York Mail and Express. As many meanings are attached nowadays to the word "Bohemian" as to the derivitives of the root word "sport," and some of those that belong to the one word. we regret to say, are made to overlap upon the other. It is worth the while, if not to attempt a complete definition here, at least to clear away some of the driftwood and to emancipate the Bohemian from the undesirable fellowship that has been thrust

upon him. We may begin with the dictionaries. Webster from his Puritan environment gives this definition: "An adventurer in And the applicant studies the Scripture art or literature of irregular, unconventional habits, questionable tastes or free morals." The Standard dictionary, published in the ampler atmosphere of the metropolis, carefully avoids an offensive implication. A Bohemian, it says, is "a person, especially a literary person, journalist or artist, of unconventional or erratic habits." The thing we want to insist on here, and we base it on either of these definitions, is that it takes more than intellect that it rightfully possesses, not to To be a Bohemian it is not enough to imitate the habits of Bohemians, or rather



WANTED IT ALL.

Victim-Help! Help! Police! Police! aid. They got too much as it is now.

to parody them. There is more in the word than Welsh rabbits or Scotch woodcock for food, or baggy trousers and flowing hair, whiskers and necktie for raiment. One may prefer beer to wine, pipes to cigars and night to day, and yet fail to qualify. A group of earnest young college men may sing louder than the music of the gypsy band at the table d'hote and yet fall short of Bohemianism. They may even sit on coffins and drink from skulls in rooms carpeted with sawdust and

tapestried with coffee sacks and yet not quite land inside of the charmed circle. A Bohemian, as we apprehend, is an intelligent person in a state of protest, real or assumed, usually assumed. He must have a philosophic reason for his protest, and he must reap material profit from it; both requirements are essential. That is what bowls out the vulgar young persons who appropriate the word as a means of advertising their own mental vacuity or as an excuse for self-indulgence. They have no fundamental reason for their course; the best they can do is to wear the husks of Bohemia, while its brain escapes them. There are clever young college boys who will be able to think after a while and who esteem themselves of Bohemia's elect. But no man who is spending his father's money is in a state of protest against anything. To assume to be is conscious fraud. All others, who are not, as the lexicographers require, among literary men, journalists or artists, are enjoined that they may not qualify because Bohemianism brings to them no material It is of the essence of Bohemia, as we opine, that its citizen should make copy of each other. What the word denotes is not

#### recreation, but a phase of cerebration. A MINISTER'S SNAKE STORY.

Few Laymen Could Have Produced a Better Article in that Line.

Mexican Herald. Dr. Watkins, the veteran missionary, who has just returned from a four months' evangelical trip through the outlying states, tells a strange story of a wonderful snake which he killed in an old abandoned shaft of a mine down in the State of Guerrero. "My attention was attracted one day," says Mr. Watkins, "by the horrified cries of an Indian miner who came running toward me, his face ghastly with fright and the perspiration dripping like rain drops from his brow. The man rushed up and cast himself at my feet, where he lay trembling and gasping. As soon as he was able to get his breath he told me that he had been seized by a horrible monster which had suddenly sprung upon him from one of the hidden recesses of the mine, and that he had narrowly escaped being drawn down in its embrace.

"My curiosity was aroused and I proceeded to the mouth of the shaft with the man as soon as I could induce him to return. We looked down, but in the dense obscurity could see nothing. Drawing my revolver I bade the man go down into the shaft a way, assuring him that no harm would befall him, as I would follow close with my cocked revolver ready for use. gone down for a number of feet when suddenly from the dense blackness I saw a huge and indescribably hideous head with wide open mouth, shoot up. The jaws of the creature were wide open, showing its sharp fanged teeth, its mouth looking large enough easily to take a man down

"The miner screamed with terror and I feared he would lose his hold and fall, but he clung desperately to the ladder while I thrust the barrel of the revolver full into the creature's mouth, and fired. With a tremendous hiss it dropped its head and then we saw it was a huge serpent like unto nothing I had ever heard of before.

"As its struggling body came into my view I fired again, and the snake slipping from the ledge on which it had stretched itself fell with a squashy thud to the bottom of the shaft, where we could hear it thrashing about in struggles which momentarily grew weaker and finally ceased altogether. Then we went below, fastened a rope about the body of the reptile and hoisted it to the surface.

"There was then unfolded before our eyes the most hideous creature man could ever dream of. Its head was like the huge stone head of a frightfully carved Chinese dragon. Its body about the middle was as large as a man's thigh, and its length was so great that I dare not say how many feet it measured. I very much regretted being unable to preserve the skin and bring it back for the study of scientists, but I was compelled to leave it be-

SINCE THE RAILROAD CAME.

## The Growth of Comfort in an Ancient

Mexican Herald.

Since railway connection with the United States was made, some eighteen years ago, the growth of comfort in middle-class families here has been very noticeable. In the first place it began with the better furnish-American styles, came into vogue, and the comfortable rattan furniture began to find its way into homes where formerly Austrian bentwood was considered the acme of good taste. Not that some of the finer forms of the Austrian furniture are not comfortable, but surely one cannot say this of the stiff and formal sofas and chairs. The Austrian rocking chairs were comfortable but clumsy. Those of us who can recollect the middle-class house furnishings of the early railway days have a mental picture of the comfortless chairs and sofas, of the tables made of pine and stained black, of the tasteless carpets, when there were any, and of the conventional arrangement of the chairs and sofa, the "estrado," which was a survival of Spanish colonial etiquette, the sofa being the place of honor and assigned to the guest. In some old-fashioned houses this demand rigidity of spine during the long er"-leaving us to put our own estimate hours of a ceremonial call. on the moral and intellectual requirements Wealthy families who co

Wealthy families who could bring their furniture from France or England were in | nation whose citizens, as a whole, posed | Looking ahead, Mme. Bernhardt ventures sidering them; they had their great all the work. People of the present day, century, which seems to be the era of lib mirrors, their pianos and all that when even in the South (perhaps), have come to erty, has many surprises in store for us, the only means of getting them here was | think that in the years before the great | and that the theater will be the medium of over the steep mountain roads from Vera struggle between the sections the white Cruz, just as to-day all the household fur- men of the North did more work, man for niture of the people of Bogota has to make | man, than the white men of the South. a mule-back journey over trails from coast | The overdoing of the theory that the South and river. An old Mexican lady well on | was settled by the Cavaliers and the North into the nineties speaks of the "great by the Puritans has, by simple association houses here" during her early youth "with of terms, had a great deal to do with the numberless servants kept to indicate one's deepening of this impression. state and grandeur, who ranged themselves in the patio to receive the visitor; of the great sala, or parlor, with its huge mirrors, its rug on the tiled floor in front of "There were in the South (by the census the sofa and of the lonely candle lighted at of 1850), in round numbers, 174,500 persons

In the old days there was among the rich a certain stateliness of life and but little real comfort. The middle class, then much | ern families were large-we have no less less numerous than now, lived in houses furnished with a simplicity that to-day can only be paralleled in some of the interior towns where things have changed profitable work, their own support to come, but little. It was all very plain here at the at the same time, out of the profits of their capital save among the socially eminent. own labor. Was a population of 1.745,000 French cooking was unknown and chicken | souls ever clothed and fed by the labor of and puchero were staple articles of daily diet. A whole world of culinary discoveries awaited the palate of the frugal living upper class. Somewhere about the fifties a famous foreign banker of Scotch or Irish blood electrified high-class society by bringing here a French chef whose achievements set all the "alta sociedad" a talking and soon caused them to import good cooks. People went to their country houses as they do now, but the suburbs were unsafe and the furniture used in them was so simple that those of our readers who were not here to see it would be amazed could we United States census for 1850 gives us many present a photographic reproduction of the interiors of the "casaz de campo" about the city. Plain deal tables, settles of the old sort, rough chairs, primitive bedsteads, all as rustic as could be. Nobody thought of furnishing a suburban house as is done to-day, often daintily and sometimes

CURIOUS SETTLEMENTS.

Towns and Villages That Have Been Built of Queer Materials.

One of the most popular health resorts is the railway carriage village near Shoreham, in Sussex, England. Some time ago a railway company put up a "lot" of 100 odd railway carriages for auction, which were knocked down to a builder, who concelved the novel idea of founding a village on the foreshore with them. During the summer months the demand for these strange dwelling places is enormous, and they not infrequently let at from 2 to 3 guineas a week furnished, while in the winter they have found to be proof against the roughest weather. Nor is this village unique, for not a single brick has been used to build the town of

Nidah, in Georgia, which boasts of 2,000 in-habitants, all of whom live in disused tramcars. The mayor and corporation transact their business in the town hall, consisting of two cars knocked into one, and there are also two tramcar churches, a theater and nine public houses. Another peculiar town is Carracross, on the west coast of Ireland, which was built in 1750 entirely of fishing stoutly decline to have a proper house in was his age.

## The Journal

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over 100 houses and shops, and a large

church supported by prismatic pillars which

have been excavated intact. A great num-

ber of people visit the town every year on

purpose to watch the effects of the sunsets

Bareira, in Portuguese East Africa, has

the reputation of being the only zinc city

in existence. Although but six months

were required for its erection, it has a population of some thousands of people; the

reason that zinc was chosen being that it

is the only material capable of withstand-

ing the peculiar climate. The hospital

churches, arsenal and every residence is

zinc; zinc utensils are in the houses, and

when a man dies he is buried in a zinc

coffin, while even the railway with its car-

cannot do better than reside in the illus-

trated village of St. Legier, near Vevey, in

Switzerland. Some years ago an artist of

considerable repute, who is well known in the Paris salon, M. Alfred Beguin, began

to paint all the exteriors of the houses

both with water colors and oils. Every

shops has a series of pictures representing

its trade skillfully painted upon its plaster

landscapes and caricatures of local celebri-

ties, etc. M. Beguin has now extended his

work to the neighboring hamlets, and hopes

before he dies to adorn all the larger vil-

One of the most remarkable cities in th

world is Kelberg, near Cracow, for, besides

entirely in rock salt. The inhabitants to

the number of over 3,000, are, of course,

workers in the famous salt mines, and all

the streets and houses are of the purest

One of the most famous features of the

with electric light, and when the late Czar

city is the cathedral, carved in salt and li

Alexander visited it eleven years ago he

was so fascinated with the magnificent ef-

fect of the light upon the crystal walls that he presented the cathedral with a jeweled

altar cross. Such a thing as infectious dis-

ease is unknown in Kelberg; in fact, the

majority of the inhabitants die of old age.

Finally, we may conclude with briefly

ment of Alaska. The town was originally

built of clay bricks, but the action of the

sea salt with which the air is redolent

caused the bricks to crumble away, and in

salt, compressed and baked, were substi-

tuted. Cooktown is now built almost en-

tirely of seaweed, and, beside being proof

against the vagaries of the atmosphere, the

houses are found to be much warmer dur-

THE SOUTH BEFORE THE WAR.

A Large Proportion of Its People No

Idle, but Engaged in Many Pursuits.

"Life in the Old South" is a fine paper

contributed by the Rev. J. M. Hawley to

the September-October numbers of Things

and Thoughts, a bi-monthly magazine of

merit, published at Winchester, Va. Mr.

Hawley's contribution deserves special at-

We consider the following extracts from

the Rev. Mr. Hawley's article to be a valu-

owning from one to five slaves. If these

whites represented a family of five per-

sons each on an average-and many South-

than 872,500 persons dependent upon five

slaves or less to the family for support,

when only two in the five were capable of

"However much Southern men may have

been accused of idleness and indolence,

very many of them-slaveholders and non-

slaveholders alike-were compelled to rely

upon their own energy and industry for a

livelihood. To rely upon the labor of the

few slaves they owned signified increasing

that owned no slaves, and yet comprised

two-thirds of the white population of the

interesting and significant facts. The num-

OH! TIME FLIES.

"And how were the thousands of families

only one-fifth of their number?

poverty and embarrassment.

able contribution to American history:

ing the long spell of winter weather.

Norfolk (Va.) Landmark.

their place slabs of seaweed mixed with

mentioning Cooktown, the seaweed settle

being situated underground, it is excavated

walls, and private houses are adorned with

riages and trucks are zinc throughout.

on the glittering houses.

lages in the canton.

the town on the ground that an inverted Don't Forget fishing boat is far more comfortable. There is probably only one town built of glass in the world, and that may be found near Yellowstone Park, Wyoming. The Kushion Komfort Shoes glass is not artificial, but obsidian, naturally formed by ages of volcanic action, hough in every respect it resembles plate glass, save that it is either dark green of black in hue. It is cut in slabs, and, being practically impervious to the weather, is excellent material for building. There are

The Shoe Parlor, 78 Meridian St

ber of white persons engaged in laborious occupations in the South in the year was larger in proportion to population than in the North. The census gives us the number of white persons over fifteen years of age engaged in any occupation in each State of the Union. The figures are decidedly to the credit of the South.

"Let us compare a few Northern with a few Southern States. In Massachusetts the percentage of persons over fifteen years of age engaged in work was 45.39; in Rhode Island, 46.71; in New Hampshire, 45.05; in Connecticut, 40.46; in New York, 47.61; in New Jersey, 47.35. Now let us glance at an equal number of States in the South. In Maryland the percentage of white nersons over fifteen years of age engaged in work Those who have a predilection for art | was 51.80; in Virginia, 46.54; in Georgia, 47.18; in Florida, 53.04; in Mississippi, 51.23; in Texas, 47.18. The average for all the States in the North was 47.92; for those in the South, 49.14. But one Southern State-Missouri-fell to an average as low as Massachusetts. But two in the North-Pennsylvania and Iowa-rose to an average so high as Maryland or Mississippi, not one of them equaling Florida, Arkansas or Texas. "These facts are decisive of the question of industrial conditions in the South. Whatever may have been the influence of the African shadow upon the people south of the Mason and Dixon line, it did not produce men who despised labor and lived in idleness and luxury. Go to any State of the South and the fact remains that the evarage of the white population living upon the interest of invested money and having no occupation was considerably smaller than

n the North.' BERNHARDT'S NEW ROLE.

The Actress's Debut as a Magazine Writer.

Articles unnumbered have been written about Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, but until the other day the great actress had never written one herself. This first literary effort, which has for its subject the moral influence of the theater, will appear in the forthcoming number of the Cornhill Magazine. It covers some sixteen pages, and is full of characteristic touches. Enthusiasm for her art breathes fervently from every

Mme. Bernhardt defined dramatic art as a supplement or history and philosophy, "a powerful aid to the development of the love of the good and the beautiful, to which history and philosophy introduce us." The theater, she writes, "is the love of my life, for I find the theater the meeting place of all the arts. As a complete human being represents the faculties of all the senses, so a good theater represents the services

of all the arts.' Stray sherds of biography bestrew the article. She tells of her "great fear" when she first acted, and of her the audience burst out laughing when "I held up my long, thin arms." "Even now," she adds, "I feel nervous, particularly when it is a new piece. " The applause is then a real tonic to my powers, and fortified by the feeling that my sentiments are shares tention because it refutes the oft-heard | 1 proceed with fresh courage, and my fear charge that the ante-bellum South was a of failure vanishes."

such surprises.'

## A Statistical Story.

Chicago Tribune.

"No," observed the passenger with the check suit, "people in general have no knowledge of what is going on around them. To me there is no study half so interesting as statistics. How many people, for instance, have any idea of the number of typewriting machines sold in this coun "I'm sure I couldn't even give a guess," said the elderly suburbanite sitting next

"The exact figures were 9,322,811, or nearly one to every eight persons in the United "Good gracious! I shouldn't have guessed half as many as that."

"And all in one year, too. I knew the figures would surprise you. Then take the single item of fountain pens. Do you hap-pen to know how many were made and sold last year?" "Haven't the remotest idea." "It is estimated that the sales of fountain

pens alone were over 13,000,000. Could you give a good guess as to the number of baseballs disposed of in the same length of "I'm sure I couldn't." "Over 240,000,000, or about three to every man, woman and child. These things are

worth knowing. Anybody ever tell you how South, to be supported? Here again the many corncob pipes Missouri turned out in "Well, sir, the grand total was 178,000,000. Think of it! Placed end to end they would

more than reach around the earth, without allowing anything for the stems.' "But what-" "And that isn't all. To light those corn-

cob pipes the match companies manufactured-how many matches, do you sup-"I never could guess." "I hardly think you could. Eight hun-

ired billion-a number almost inconceivable. The match factories use up a pine forest of 654 acres every day in the week, including

"Great Scott! I never dreamed—"
"That't it. Few people ever take the trouble to find out what the world is doing. Know how many books are printed annual ly in the United States?" "It must be millions."

"Seven hundred and sixty of them. That

means in round numbers 2,000,000 books every working day in the year. To print and bind this stupendous output requires the services of 8,200,914 persons in those two trades alone, and counting the paper makers and workers in allied occupations, who may be roughly estimated at 3,000,000 more. But this is the station where I get off. Look these things up. They will surprise and interest you. Good morning."
"Who is he?" gasped the elderly suburbanite as the man of statistics left the car. "Don't you know?" said the man in the seat across the aisle. "That's Juggiefax. His way of amusing himself is to get some

Mr. Askem-Do you believe in heredity? trusting soul to listen to him, just as you did, and then fill him with statistical hot grandson, for instance. He is in love with air. He's the biggest liar on earth." Highwayman-Tut-tut. I don't need their | boats. There are large stone quarries in the same ballet dancer I adored when I his head nervously, "that I thought some of his figures seemed a little bit large,"

Old Mr. Kidder-Sure; now, there's my